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# VERSES

BY

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# VERSES.

## ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path;
But, through the winter's weary hours,
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age, —

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil;

Recall the many-colored dreams
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of Truth;

Perchance observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care and Hope and Passion sleep,
And Reason with untroubled power
Can her late vigils duly keep.

I love the night; and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

How sweet the summer gales of night,
That blow when all is peaceful round,
As if some spirit's downy flight
Swept silent through the blue profound!

How sweet at midnight to recline
Where flows their cool and fragrant stream!
There half repeat some glowing line,
There court each wild and fairy dream;

Or idly mark the volumed clouds
Their broad deep mass of darkness throw,
When, as the moon her radiance shrouds,
Their changing sides with silver glow;

Or see where, from that depth of shade,
The ceaseless lightning, faintly bright,
In silence plays, as if afraid
To break the deep repose of night;

Or gaze on heaven's unnumbered fires,
  While dimly-imaged thoughts arise,
And Fancy, loosed from earth, aspires
  To search the secrets of the skies;

What various beings there reside;
  What forms of life, to man unknown,
Drink the rich flow of bliss, whose tide
  Wells from beneath the eternal throne;

Or life's uncertain scenes revolve,
  And musing how to act or speak,
Feel some high wish, some proud resolve
  Throb in the heart, or flush the cheek.

Meanwhile may reason's light, whose beam,
  Dimmed by the world's oppressive gloom,
Sheds but a dull unsteady gleam,
  In this still hour its rays relume.

Thus oft in this still hour be mine
  The light all meaner passions fear,
The wandering thought, the high design,
  And soaring dreams to virtue dear.

1809.

## A WINTER MORNING.

The keen, clear air — the splendid sight —
We waken to a world of ice;
Where all things are enshrined in light,
As by some genii's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee: this day
Her stores their countless treasures yield;
See how the diamond glances play,
In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

The cold, bare spot, where late we ranged,
The naked woods, are seen no more;
This earth to fairy-land is changed,
With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
His powerless splendor round us streams;
From crusted boughs and twinkling sprays
Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,
The trees in winter's garb are shown:
What a rich halo melts in air,
Around their crystal branches thrown!

And yesterday — how changed the view
From what then charmed us; when the sky
Hung, with its dim and watery hue,
O'er all the soft, still prospect, nigh!

The distant groves, arrayed in white,
Might then like things unreal seem,
Just shown awhile in silvery light,
The fictions of a poet's dream.

Like shadowy groves upon that shore,
O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,
By bards and sages feigned of yore,
Ere broke on earth heaven's brighter day.

O God of nature! with what might
Of beauty, showered on all below,
Thy guiding power would lead aright
Earth's wanderer all thy love to know!

1829.

## WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er — how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool, the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth: from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature, — yet the same,
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all, below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence: — low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And in this living light expire.

1819.

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

---

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone.

Oh, no! forbear that idle tale:
The hour demands another strain, —
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight. From the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And give to countless changes birth;

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! — with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh! what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one year more of life has fled!

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as you will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich, the twilight glow,
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below!

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain
To leave or lose wife, children, friends;
What then? — shall we not meet again,
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
  The changeless trust which woman gives,
The smile of childhood, — it is there
  That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour,
  Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
  Pursue thy bright and endless way.

1827.

## OH! NE'ER UPON MY GRAVE BE SHED.

---

Oh! ne'er upon my grave be shed
The bitter tears of sinking age,
That mourns its cherished comforts dead,
With grief no human hopes assuage.

When, through the still and gazing street,
My funeral winds its sad array,
Ne'er may a Father's faltering feet
Lead with slow steps the church-yard way.

'Tis a dread sight, — the sunken eye,
The look of calm and fixed despair,
And the pale lips which breathe no sigh,
But quiver with the unuttered prayer.

Ne'er may a Mother hide her tears,
As the mute circle spreads around:
Or, turning from my grave, she hears
The clods fall fast with heavy sound.

Ne'er may she know the sinking heart,
  The dreary loneliness of grief,
When all is o'er, — when all depart,
  And cease to yield their sad relief;

Nor, entering in my vacant room,
  Feel, in its chill and lifeless air,
As if the dampness of the tomb
  And spirits of the dead were there.

Oh! welcome, though with care and pain,
  The power to glad a Parent's heart;
To bid a Parent's joys remain,
  And life's approaching ills depart.

1812.

## TO —— IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

Nay, ask me not now for some proof that my heart
Has learned the dear lesson of friendship for thee;
Nay, ask not for words that might feebly impart
The feelings and thoughts which thy glance cannot see.

Whate'er I could wish thee already is thine;
The fair sunshine within sheds its beam through thine eye;
And Pleasure stands near thee, and waits but a sign,
To all whom thou lovest, at thy bidding to fly.

Yet hereafter thy bosom some sorrow may feel,
Some cloud o'er thy heart its chill shadow may throw:
Then ask if thou wilt, and my words shall reveal
The feelings and thoughts which thou now canst not know.

1820.

## WRITTEN IN A YOUNG GIRL'S ALBUM.

---

When thou art old, and I am where
The years unnumbered bring not age,
Mayst thou, as free from grief and care
As thou art now, gaze on this page.

## THE PARTING.

We did not part as others part;
And should we meet on earth no more,
Yet deep and dear within my heart
Some thoughts will rest, a treasured store.

How oft, when weary and alone,
Have I recalled each word, each look,
The meaning of each varying tone,
And the last parting glance we took!

Yes, sometimes even here are found
Those who can touch the chords of love,
And wake a glad and holy sound,
Like that which fills the courts above.

It is as when a traveller hears,
In a strange land, his native tongue,
A voice he loved in happier years,
A song which once his mother sung.

We part; the sea may roll between,
  While we through different climates roam:
Sad days — a life — may intervene;
  But we shall meet again — at home.

1820.

## TO A FRIEND ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

Farewell! farewell! for many a day
Our thoughts far o'er the sea will roam:
Blessings and prayers attend thy way;
Glad welcomes wait for thee at home.

While gazing upon Alpine snows,
Or lingering near Italian shores;
Where nature all her grandeur shows,
Or Art unveils her treasured stores;

When mingling with those gifted minds
That shed their influence on our race,
Thine own its native station finds,
And takes with them an honored place;

Forget not then how dear thou art
To many friends not with thee there,
To many a warm and anxious heart
Object of love and hope and prayer.

When shall we meet again? — some day,
In a bright morning, when the gale
Sweeps the blue waters as in play,
Then shall we watch thy coming sail?

When shall we meet again, and where?
We trust not Hope's uncertain voice:
To Faith the future all is fair;
She speaks assured, "Thou shalt rejoice."

Perhaps our meeting may be when,
'Mid new-born life's awakening glow,
The loved and lost appear again,
Heaven's music sounding sweet and low.

1835.

## WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES ELIOT

---

Farewell! before we meet again,
Perhaps through scenes as yet unknown,
That lie in distant years of pain,
I have to journey on alone;

To meet with griefs thou wilt not feel,
Perchance with joys thou canst not share;
And, when we both were wont to kneel,
To breathe alone the silent prayer:

But ne'er a deeper pang to know,
Than when I watched thy slow decay,
Saw on thy cheek the hectic glow,
And felt at last each hope give way.

But who the destined hour may tell
That bids the loosened spirit fly?
E'en now this pulse's feverish swell
May warn me of mortality.

But chance what may, thou wilt no more
With sense and wit my hours beguile,
Inform with learning's various lore,
Or charm with friendship's kindest smile.

Each book I read, each walk I tread,
Whate'er I feel, whate'er I see,
All speak of hopes for ever fled,
All have some tale to tell of thee.

I shall not, should misfortune lower,
Should friends desert and life decline, —
I shall not know thy soothing power,
Nor hear thee say, "My heart is thine."

If thou hadst lived, thy well-earned fame
Had bade my fading prospect bloom,
Had cast its lustre o'er my name,
And stood the guardian of my tomb.

Servant of God! thy ardent mind,
With lengthening years improving still,
Striving untired to serve mankind,
Had thus performed thy Father's will.

Another task to thee was given:
'Twas thine to drink of early woe,
To feel thy hopes, thy friendships, riven,
And bend submissive to the blow;

With patient smile and steady eye,
To meet each pang that sickness gave,
And see, with lingering step draw nigh,
The form that pointed to the grave.

Servant of God! thou art not there;
Thy race of virtue is not run;
What blooms on earth of good and fair
Will ripen in another sun.

Dost thou, amid the rapturous glow
With which the soul her welcome hears,—
Dost thou still think of us below,
Of earthly scenes, of human tears?

Perhaps e'en now thy thoughts return
To when in summer's moonlight walk,
Of all that now is thine to learn,
We framed no light nor fruitless talk.

We spake of knowledge, such as soars
  From world to world with ceaseless flight:
And love that follows and adores,
  As nature spreads before her sight.

How vivid still past scenes appear!
  I feel as though all were not o'er;
As though 'twere strange I cannot hear
  Thy voice of friendship yet once more.

But I shall hear it in that day
  Whose setting sun I may not view;
When earthly voices die away,
  Thine will at last be heard anew.

We meet again: a little while,
  And where thou art, I too shall be;
And then with what an angel smile
  Of gladness thou wilt welcome me!

1813.

## TO —— ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

Oh, stay thy tears! for they are blest
  Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
  Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.

For laboring Virtue's anxious toil,
  For patient Sorrow's stifled sigh,
For Faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
  Heaven grants the recompense, — to die.

How blest are they whose transient years
  Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
  Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

How cheerless were our lengthened way,
  Did Heaven's own light not break the gloom,
Stream downward from eternal day,
  And cast a glory round the tomb!

Then stay thy tears: the blest above
  Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
  And why should anguish reign on earth?

## FORTITUDE.

---

Faint not, poor traveller! though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not: though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain,
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail:
Look upward to the eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet shall rest in heaven at last.

Christian! thy Friend, thy Master, prayed,
When dread and anguish shook his frame;
Then met his sufferings undismayed:
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

Oh! think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

Go, sufferer! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising, as thy Saviour rose,
Go! his eternal victory share.

## HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

---

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
  Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
  There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark-blue midnight arch,
  Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
  Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are; for there,
  When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
  Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy; for all space
  Is filled by thee: but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
  Where thine own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
  That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal and woe,
  Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
  Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
  And raise to thee still holier prayers.

1833.

## HYMN.

---

My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

1809.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

He has gone to his God, he has gone to his home;
No more amid peril and error to roam.
His eyes are no longer dim,
His feet no more will falter;
No grief can follow him,
No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness and weeping and sighs below;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow:
But the harps of heaven are ringing;
Glad angels come to greet him,
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

Oh! honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high, thou hast left us behind;
But our parting is not for ever:
We will follow thee by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite.

1824.

JUN 19

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